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VISIONS

IN

VERSE,

FOR THE

Entertainment and Inſtruction

OF

YOUNGER MINDS.

Virginibus puerisque canto. HOR.

LONDON:

Printed for R. DODSLEY in *Pall-mall*;
And SOLD by
M. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Pater-noſter-row*.
MDCCLI.

AN EPISTLE TO THE READER.

AUTHORS, you know, of greateſt Fame
Thro' Modeſty ſuppreſs their Name;
And wou'd you wiſh me to reveal,
What theſe ſuperior Wits conceal?
Forego the Search, my curious Friend,
And huſband Time to better End.
All my Ambition is, I own,
To profit and to pleaſe unknown.
Like Streams ſupply'd from Springs below,
Which ſcatter Bleſſings as they flow.

Were you diſeas'd, or preſs'd with Pain,
Strait you'd apply to * *Warwick-Lane*;
The thoughtful Doctor feels your Pulſe,
(No Matter whether *Mead* or *Hulſe*)
Writes——*Arabic* to you and me,—
Then ſigns his Hand, and takes your Fee.
Now, ſhou'd the Sage omit his Name,
Wou'd not the Cure remain the ſame?
Not but Phyſicians ſign their Bill,
Or when they cure, or when they kill.

Suppoſe my little Name I hide,
I'll tell you ev'ry thing beſide.
Not that it boots the World a Tittle,
Whether the Author's big or little;
Or whether fair, or black, or brown;
No Writer's Hue concerns the Town.

I paſs the ſilent rural Hour,
No Slave to Wealth, no Tool to Pow'r.
My Hovel's ſmall, but warm and neat,
You'd ſay, a pretty ſnug Retreat.
My Rooms no coſtly Paintings grace,
The humbler Print ſupplies their Place.
Behind the Houſe my Garden lies,
And opens to the Southern Skies:

The

* College of Phyſicians.

The diſtant Hills gay Proſpects yield,
And Plenty ſmiles in every Field.

The faithful Maſtiff is my Guard,
The feather'd Tribes adorn my Yard;
Alive my Joy, my Treat when dead,
And their ſoft Plumes improve my Bed.

My Cow rewards me all ſhe can,
(Brutes leave Ingratitude to Man;)
She, daily thankful to her Lord,
Crowns with nectareous Sweets my Board.
Am I diſeas'd; — the Cure is known,
Her ſweeter Juices mend my own.

I love my Hut, and ſeldom roam,
Few Viſits pleaſe me more than Home.
I pity that unhappy Elf,
Who loves all Company but Self.
By idle Paſſion born away
To Opera, Maſquerade, or Play.
Fond of thoſe Hives, where Folly reigns,
And *Britain*'s Peers receive her Chains.
Where the pert Virgin ſlights a Name,
And ſcorns to redden into Shame.

But know, my Fair, (to whom belong
The Poet and his artleſs Song.)
When Female Cheeks refuſe to glow,
Farewel to Virtue here below.
Our Sex is loſt to every Rule,
Our ſole Diſtinction, Knave or Fool.
'Tis to your Innocence we run;
Save us, ye Fair, or we're undone:
Maintain your Modeſty and Station,
So Women ſhall preſerve the Nation:

Mothers, 'tis ſaid, in Days of old,
Eſteem'd their Girls more choice than Gold:
Too well their Diamond's Worth they knew,
To force it into public View.
Then, if Sir PLUME drew near, and ſmil'd,
The Parent trembled for her Child:
The firſt Advance alarm'd her Breaſt;
And Fancy pictur'd all the reſt.
But now no Mother fears a Foe,
No Daughter ſhudders at a Beau.

Pleaſure is all the reigning Theme,
Our Noon-day Thought, our Mid-night Dream.
In Folly's Chace our Youths engage,
And ſhameleſs Crowds of tottering Age.

The Dye, the Dance, th' intemperate Bowl,
With various Charms engroſs the Soul.
Are Gold, Fame, Health, the Terms of Vice?
The frantic Tribes ſhall pay the Price.
But tho' to Ruin Poſt they run,
They'll think it hard to be undone.

Do not arraign my want of Taſte,
Or Sight to ken where Joys are plac'd.
I am nor indolent, nor blind,
Nor is my Pride a Stoic's Mind.
Like yours are my Senſations quite;
I only ſtrive to feel aright.
My Joys, like Streams, glide gently by,
Tho' ſmall their Channel, never dry;
Keep a ſtill, even, fruitful Wave,
And bleſs the neighb'ring Meads they lave.

My Fortune (for I'll mention all,
And more than you dare tell) is ſmall;
Yet every Friend partakes my Store,
And Want goes ſmiling from my Door.
Will forty Shillings warm the Breaſt
Of Worth, or Induſtry diſtreſs'd?

This Sum I chearfully impart;
'Tis fourſcore Pleaſures to my Heart.
And you may make, by Means like theſe,
Five Talents Ten, whene'er you pleaſe.
'Tis true, thereby my Purſe grows light;
But then I ſleep ſo ſweet at Night!
This *Grand Specific* will prevail
When all the Doctor's Opiates fail.

You aſk, What Party I purſue?
Perhaps you mean, "Whoſe Fool are you?"
All Party-names, Friend, I deteſt,
Badges of Slavery at beſt!
I've too much Grace to play the Knave,
And too much Pride to turn a Slave.

I love my Country from my Soul,
And grieve, when Knaves or Fools controul.
I'm pleas'd, when Vice and Folly ſmart,
Or at the Gibbet or the Cart;
Yet always pity, where I can,
Abhor the Guilt, but mourn the Man.

Now the Religion of your Poet —
Does not this little Preface ſhow it?

My

My Viſions if you ſcan with Care,
'Tis Ten to One you'll find it there.
And if my Actions ſuit my Song,
You can't in Conſcience think me wrong.

SLANDER.

VISION I.

Inſcrib'd to Miſs ****

SLANDER.

VISION I.

Inſcrib'd to Miſs * * * * *

MY lovely Girl, I write for you;
And pray believe my Viſions true;
They'll form your Mind to every Grace;
They'll add new Beauties to your Face:
And when old Age impairs your Prime,
You'll triumph o'er the Spoils of Time.

Childhood and Youth engage my Pen,
'Tis Labour loſt to talk to Men.
Youth may, perhaps, reform, when wrong,
Age will not liſten to my Song.
He who at fifty is a Fool,
Is far too ſtubborn grown for School.

What

What is that Vice, which ſtill prevails,
When almoſt every Paſſion fails:
Which with our very Dawn begun,
Nor ends, but with our ſetting Sun:
Which, like a noxious Weed, can ſpoil,
The faireſt Flow'rs, and choak the Soil?
'Tis SLANDER.——And, with Shame I own,
The Vice of human-kind alone.

Be SLANDER then my leading Dream,
Tho' you're a Stranger to the Theme:
Thy ſofter Breaſt, and honeſt Heart,
Scorns the defamatory Dart:
Thy Soul aſſerts her native Skies,
Nor aſks Detraction's Wings to riſe:
In foreign Spoils let others ſhine,
Intrinſic Excellence is thine.
The Bird, in Peacock's Plumes who ſhone,
Cou'd plead no Merit of her own:
The ſilly Theft betray'd her Pride,
And ſpoke her Poverty beſide.

As I was nodding in my Chair,
I ſaw a rueful Wild appear:

No

No Verdure met my aching Sight,
But Hemlock, and cold Aconite;
Two very pois'nous Plants, 'tis true,
But not ſo bad as Vice to you.

The dreary Proſpect ſpread around!
Deep Snow hid all the whiten'd Ground;
A bleak and barren Mountain nigh,
Expos'd to every friendleſs Sky!
Here foul-mouth'd SLANDER lay reclin'd,
Her ſnaky Treſſes hiſs'd behind:
" A bloated Toad-ſtool rais'd her Head,
" The Plumes of Ravens were her Bed:
She fed upon the Viper's Brood,
And ſlak'd her impious Thirſt with Blood.

The Hag ſmil'd horribly, to view
How wide her daily Conqueſts grew:
Around the crouded Levees wait,
Like Oriental Slaves of State:
Of either Sex whole Armies preſs'd,
But chiefly of the Sex that's beſt.

Is it a Breach of Friendſhip's Law,
To ſay what female Friends I ſaw?

SLANDER aſſumes the Idol's Part,
And claims the Tribute of the Heart.
The beſt, in ſome unguarded Hour,
Have bow'd the Knee, and own'd her Pow'r.
Then let the Poet not reveal
What Candour wiſhes to conceal.

If I beheld ſome faulty Fair,
Much worſe Delinquents crowded there:
Prelates in ſacred Lawn I ſaw,
Grave Phyſic, and loquacious Law;
Courtiers, like Summer Flies, abound;
And hungry Poets ſwarm around.
But now my partial Story ends,
And makes my Females full amends.

If ALBION's Iſle ſuch Dreams fulfils,
'Tis ALBION's Iſle which cures theſe Ills;
Fertile of every Worth and Grace,
Which warm the Heart, and fluſh the Face.

Fancy diſclos'd a ſmiling Train
Of *Britiſh* Nymphs, that trip'd the Plain:
GOOD-NATURE firſt, a Sylvan Queen,
Attir'd in Robes of chearful Green:

A fair

A fair and ſmiling Virgin ſhe!
With every Charm that ſhines in Thee:
PRUDENCE aſſum'd the chief Command,
And bore a Mirrour in her Hand;
Grey was the Matron's Head by Age,
Her Mind by long Experience ſage;
Of every diſtant Ill afraid,
And anxious for the ſimp'ring *Maid.*
The GRACES danc'd before the Fair;
And white-rob'd INNOCENCE was there.
The Trees with golden Fruits were crown'd,
And riſing Flow'rs adorn'd the Ground;
The Sun diſplay'd each brighter Ray,
And ſhone in all the Pride of Day.

When SLANDER ſicken'd at the Sight,
And ſkulk'd away to ſhun the Light.

PLEASURE.

VISION II.

PLEASURE.

VISION II.

HEAR, ye fair Mothers of our Iſle,
Nor ſcorn your Poet's homely Style.
What! tho' my Thoughts be quaint or new,
I'll warrant, that my Doctrine's true:
Or if my Sentiments be old,
Remember, Truth is ſterling Gold.

You judge it of important Weight
To keep your riſing Offspring ſtrait:
For This ſuch anxious Moments feel,
And aſk the friendly Aids of Steel:
For This import the diſtant Cane,
Or ſlay the Monarch of the Main.
And ſhall the Soul be warp'd aſide
By Paſſion, Prejudice, and Pride?
Deformity of Heart I call
The worſt Deformity of all.

Your Cares to *Body* are confin'd,
Few fear Obliquity of *Mind.*
Why not adorn the better Part!
This is a nobler Theme for Art.
For what is Form, or what is Face,
But the Soul's Index, or its Caſe?

Now take a Simile at Hand,
Compare the mental Soil to Land.
Shall Fields be till'd with annual Care,
And minds lie fallow ev'ry Year?
O ſince the Crop depends on You,
Give them the Culture which is due:
Hoe every Weed, and dreſs the Soil,
So Harveſt ſhall repay your Toil.

If human Minds reſemble Trees,
(As every Moraliſt agrees)
Prune all the Straglers of your Vine,
Then ſhall the purple Cluſters ſhine.
The Gard'ner knows, that fruitful Life
Demands his ſalutary Knife:
For every wild luxuriant Shoot
Or robs the Bloom, or ſtarves the Fruit.

A Satyriſt in *Roman* Times,
When *Rome* like *Britain* groan'd with Crimes,
Aſſerts it for a ſacred Truth,
That PLEASURES are the Bane of Youth :
That Sorrows ſuch Purſuits attend,
Or ſuch Purſuits in Sorrows end :
That all the wild Advent'rer gains
Are Perils, Penitence, and Pains.

Approve, ye Fair, the *Roman* Page,
And bid your Sons revere the Sage ;
In Study ſpend their Midnight Oil,
And ſtring their Nerves by manly Toil.
Thus ſhall they grow, like TEMPLE wiſe,
Thus future LOCKS and NEWTONS riſe ;
Or hardy Chiefs to wield the Lance,
And ſave us from the Chains of *France*.
Yes, bid your Sons betimes forego
Thoſe treach'rous Paths where PLEASURES grow ;
Where the young Mind is Folly's Slave,
And every Virtue finds a Grave.

Let each bright Character be nam'd,
For Wiſdom or for Valour fam'd :
Are the dear Youths to Science prone ?
Tell, how th' immortal BACON ſhone !

Who, leaving meaner Joys to Kings,
Soar'd high on Contemplation's Wings;
Rang'd the fair Fields of Nature o'er,
Where never Mortal trod before:
BACON! whoſe vaſt capacious Plan
Beſpoke him Angel, more than Man!

Does Love of Martial Fame inſpire?
Cheriſh, ye Fair, the gen'rous Fire;
Teach them to ſpurn inglorious Reſt,
And rouſe the Hero in their Breaſt;
Paint *Creſſy*'s vanquiſh'd Field anew,
Their Souls ſhall kindle at the View;
Reſolv'd to conquer or to fall,
When Liberty and *Britain* call.
Thus ſhall they rule the crimſon Plain,
Or hurl their Thunders thro' the Main;
Gain with their Blood, nor grudge the Coſt,
What their degen'rate Sires have loſt:
The Laurel thus ſhall grace their Brow,
As CHURCHIL's once, or WARREN's now.

One Summer's Evening as I ſtray'd
Along the Silent Moon-light Glade;
With theſe Reflections in my Breaſt,
Beneath an Oak I ſunk to Reſt;

A gentle Slumber intervenes,
And Fancy dreſs'd inſtructive Scenes.

METHOUGHT a ſpacious Road I 'ſpy'd,
And ſtately Trees adorn'd its Side,
Frequented by a giddy Croud
Of thoughtleſs Mortals, vain, and loud;
Who trip'd with jocund Heel along,
And bade me join their ſmiling Throng.

I ſtrait obey'd—Perſuaſion hung
Like Honey on the Speaker's Tongue.
A cloudleſs Sun improv'd the Day,
And Pinks and Roſes ſtrew'd our Way.

Now as our Journey we purſue,
A beautious Fabrick roſe to View;
A ſtately Dome! and ſweetly grac'd
With every Ornament of Taſte.
This Structure was a Female's Claim,
And PLEASURE was the Monarch's Name.

The Hall we enter'd uncontroul'd,
And ſaw the Queen enthron'd on Gold:
Arabian Sweets perfum'd the Ground,
And laughing *Cupids* perch'd around;

A flowing Veſt adorn'd the Fair,
And flow'ry Chaplets wreath'd her Hair :
The GRACES deck'd her with their Smiles,
And FRAUD beſtow'd her artful Wiles;
LOVE taught her liſping Tongue to ſpeak,
And form'd the Dimple in her Cheek ;
The LILLY, blended with the ROSE,
The Tincture of her Face compoſe ;
Nor did the God of WIT diſdain
To mingle with the ſhining Train.

Her Vot'ries flock'd from various Parts,
And chiefly Youth reſign'd their Hearts :
The Old in ſparing Numbers preſs'd,
But aukward Devotees at beſt.

Now let us range at large, we cry'd,
Thro' all the Gardens' boaſted Pride.
Here Jaſmines interwove their Flow'rs,
And emulated *Eden*'s Bow'rs :
The Woodbines mix'd in am'rous Play,
And breath'd their fragrant Lives away :
Here the young Roſe its Bloom diſplay'd ;
There the Gold Orange form'd a Shade :
While Fountains murmuring to the Song,
Roll'd their tranſlucent Streams along.

Thro

Thro' all the aromatic Groves
The faithful Turtles told their Loves :
Larks as they mounted pour'd their Notes,
And Linnets ſwell'd their rapturous Throats.

We now were order'd to depart,
Reluctance ſat on every Heart :
A Porter ſhew'd a different Door,
Not the fair Portal known before !
The Gates, methought, were open'd wide,
The Crouds deſcended in a Tide.
But oh ! ye Heav'ns, what vaſt Surprize
Struck the Advent'rers' frighted Eyes !
A barren Heath before us lay,
And gath'ring Clouds obſcur'd the Day :
The Darkneſs roſe in ſmoky Spires ;
The Lightnings flaſh'd their livid Fires :
Loud Peals of Thunder rent the Air,
While Vengeance chill'd our Hearts with Fear.

Five ruthleſs Tyrants *ſway'd* the Plain,
And triumph'd o'er the mangled Slain.
Here ſat DISTASTE, with ſickly Mien,
And more than half devour'd with Spleen :
There ſtood REMORSE, with Thought oppreſt,
And Vipers feeding on his Breaſt ;

Then WANT, dejected, pale and thin,
With Bones juſt ſtarting thro his Skin;
A ghaſtly Fiend!—and cloſe behind
DISEASE his aching Head reclin'd!
His everlaſting Thirſt confeſs'd
The Fires which rag'd within his Breaſt:
DEATH clos'd the Train! the hideous Form
Smil'd *unrelenting* in the Storm:
When ſtrait a doleful Shriek was heard;
I 'woke—The Viſion diſappear'd.

Let not the unexperienc'd Boy
Deny, that PLEASURES will deſtroy:
Or ſay, that Dreams are vain and wild,
Like Fairy Tales, to pleaſe a Child.
Important Hints the Wiſe may reap
From Sallies of the Soul in Sleep.
And ſince there's Meaning in my Dream,
The Moral merits your Eſteem.

HEALTH.

VISION III.

H E A L T H.

VISION III.

ATTEND my Viſions, thoughtleſs Youths,
Ere long you'll think them weighty Truths;
Prudent it were to think ſo now,
Ere Age has ſilver'd o'er your Brow:
For He, who at his early Years
Has ſown in Vice, ſhall reap in Tears.
If Folly has poſſeſs'd his Prime,
Diſeaſe ſhall gather Strength by Time,
Poiſon ſhall rage in every Vein, —
Nor Penitence dilute the Stain:
And when each Hour ſhall urge his Fate,
Thought, like the Doctor, comes too late.

The Subject of my Song is HEALTH,
A Good ſuperior far to Wealth.
Can the young Mind diſtruſt its Worth!
Conſult the Monarchs of the Earth:

Imperial

Imperial Czars, and Sultans, own
No Gem ſo bright, that decks their Throne:
Each for this Pearl his Crown would quit,
And turn a Ruſtic, or a Cit.

Mark, tho' the Bleſſing's loſt with Eaſe,
'Tis not recover'd, when you pleaſe.
Say not, that Gruels ſhall avail,
Too late apply'd ſuch Means will fail.
Say not, *Apollo*'s Sons ſucceed,
Apollo's Son is *Egypt*'s Reed.
How fruitleſs the Phyſician's Skill,
How vain the penitential Pill,
The Marble Monuments proclaim,
The humbler Turf confirms the fame!
Prevention is the better Cure,
So ſays the Proverb, and *'tis ſure.*

Wou'd you extend your narrow Span,
And make the moſt of Life you can;
Wou'd you, when Med'cines cannot ſave,
Deſcend with Eaſe into the Grave;
Calmly retire, like Evening Light,
And chearful bid the World Good Night;
Let Temp'rance conſtantly preſide,
Our beſt Phyſician, Friend, and Guide!

Wou'd you to Wiſdom make Pretence,
Proud to be thought a Man of Senſe;
Let Temp'rance (always Friend to Fame)
With ſteddy Hand direct your Aim;
Or, like an Archer in the Dark,
Your random Shaft will miſs the Mark:
For they, who ſlight her golden Rules,
In Wiſdom's Volume ſtand for Fools.

But Morals, unadorn'd by Art,
Are ſeldom known to reach the Heart.
I'll therefore ſtrive to raiſe my Theme,
With all the Scenery of Dream.

Soft were my Slumbers, ſweet my Reſt,
Such as the Infant's on the Breaſt;
When Fancy, ever on the Wing,
And fruitful as the genial Spring,
Preſented in a Blaze of Light,
A new Creation to my Sight.

A rural Landſcape I deſcry'd,
Dreſt in the Robes of Summer Pride;
The Herds adorn'd the ſloping Hills,
That glitter'd with their tinkling Rills;

Imperial Czars, and Sultans, own
No Gem ſo bright, that decks their Throne:
Each for this Pearl his Crown would quit,
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Dreſt in the Robes of Summer Pride;
The Herds adorn'd the ſloping Hills,
That glitter'd with their tinkling Rills;

With Sifter PEACE in cloſe Embrace,
And Heav'n all opening in her Face.

The Reign was long, the Empire great,
And VIRTUE, Miniſter of State.
In other Kingdoms, ev'ry Hour,
You hear of Vice preferr'd to Pow'r:
VICE was a perfect Stranger here;
No Knaves engroſs'd the Royal Ear:
Nor Fools obtain'd this Monarch's Grace;
VIRTUE diſpos'd of every *Place*.

What ſickly Appetites are ours,
Still varying with the varying Hours!
And tho' from good to bad we range,
No Matter, ſays the Fool, "'tis Change."

Her Subjects now expreſs'd apace
Diſſatisfaction in their Face:
Some view'd the State with Envy's Eye,
Some were diſpleas'd, they knew not why:
When Faction, ever bold and vain,
With Rigour tax'd their Monarch's Reign.

Thus ſhou'd an Angel from above,
Fraught with Benevolence and Love,

Deſcend

Deſcend to Earth, and here impart
Important Truths to mend the Heart:
Would not th' inſtructive Sage diſpenſe
With Paſſion, Appetite, and Senſe;
We ſhou'd his heav'nly lore deſpiſe,
And ſend Him to his former Skies.

A dang'rous hoſtile Pow'r aroſe
To HEALTH, whoſe Houſhold were her Foes:
A Harlot's looſe Attire ſhe wore,
And LUX'RY was the Name ſhe bore.
This Princeſs of unbounded Sway,
Whom *Aſia*'s ſofter Sons obey,
Made War againſt the Queen of HEALTH,
Aſſiſted by the Troops of WEALTH.

The Queen was firſt to take the Field,
Arm'd with her Helmet and her Shield;
Temper'd with ſuch ſuperior Art,
That both were Proof to every Dart.
Two warlike Chiefs approach'd the Green,
And wond'rous Fav'rites with the Queen:
Both were of *Amazonian* Race,
Both high in Merit, and in Place.
Here RESOLUTION march'd, whoſe Soul
No Fear could ſhake, no Pow'r controul;

The Heroine wore a *Roman* Veſt,
A Lion's Heart inform'd her Breaſt.
There PRUDENCE ſhone, whoſe Boſom wrought
With all the various Plans of Thought;
'Twas Her's to bid the Troops engage,
And teach the Battle where to rage.

And now the *Syren*'s Armies preſs,
Their Van was headed by EXCESS:
The mighty Wings, that form'd the Side,
Commanded by that Giant PRIDE:
While SICKNESS, and her Siſters, PAIN,
And POVERTY, the Center gain:
REPENTANCE, with a Brow ſevere,
And DEATH, were ſtation'd in the Rear.

HEALTH rang'd her Troops with matchleſs Art,
And acted the defenſive Part:
Her Army poſted on a Hill,
Plainly beſpoke ſuperior Skill:
Hence were diſcover'd thro' the Plain,
The Motions of the hoſtile Train;
While PRUDENCE, to prevent Surprize,
Oft ſally'd with her truſty Spies;
Explor'd each Ambuſcade below,
And reconnoitred well the Foe.

When

When LUX'RY ſaw, that Force muſt fail,
She ſaid, Let Artifice prevail;
Henceforth Hoſtilities ſhall ceaſe,
I'll ſend to HEALTH, and offer Peace.
Strait ſhe diſpatch'd, with Pow'rs compleat,
PLEASURE, her Miniſter, to treat.
This wicked Strumpet topp'd her Part,
And ſow'd Sedition in the Heart;
Thro' the Queen's Troops the Poiſon ran,
All were infected to a Man.
Her wary Generals were won
By PLEASURE's Wiles, and Both undone.

JOVE held the Troops in high Diſgrace,
And bade Diſeaſes blaſt their Race;
Look'd on the Queen with melting Eyes,
And ſnatch'd his Darling to the Skies:
Who ſtill regards thoſe wiſer Few,
That dare her Dictates to purſue.
For where her ſtricter Law prevails,
Tho' Paſſion prompts, or Vice aſſails;
Long ſhall they cloudleſs Skies behold,
And their calm Sun-ſet beam with Gold.

CONTENT.

VISION IV.

CONTENT.

VISION IV.

MAN is deceiv'd by outward Show—
'Tis a plain homeſpun Truth I know;
The Fraud prevails at every Age,
So ſays the School-boy, and the Sage:
Yet ſtill we hug the dear Deceit,
And ſtill exclaim againſt the Cheat.
But whence this inconſiſtent Part?
Say, Moraliſts, who know the Heart:
If you'll this Labyrinth purſue,
I'll go before, and find the Clue.

I dreamt ('twas on a Birth-day Night)
A ſumptuous Palace roſe to Sight:
The Builder had, thro' every Part,
Obſerv'd the chaſteſt Rules of Art;

Raphael

Raphael and *Titian* had diſplay'd
All the full Force of Light and Shade;
Around the livery'd Servants wait;
An aged Porter kept the Gate.

As I was traverſing the Hall,
Where *Bruſſels'* Looms adorn'd the Wall,
(Whoſe Tap'ſtry ſhews, without my Aid,
A Nun is no ſuch uſeleſs Maid)
A graceful Perſon came in View,
(His Form, it ſeems, is known to few;)
Plain was his Dreſs, devoid of Lace,
But Charms! a thouſand in his Face.

This, Sir, your Property? I cry'd———
Maſter and Manſion coincide;
Where all, indeed, is truly great,
And proves, that Bliſs may dwell with State,
Pray, Sir, indulge a Stranger's Claim,
And grant the Favour of your Name.

CONTENT, the lovely Form reply'd;
But think not, here that I reſide:
Here lives a Courtier, baſe and ſly;
An open, honeſt Ruſtic, I.

Our Taſte and Manners diſagree,
His Levee boaſts no Charms for me:
For Titles, and the Smiles of Kings,
To me are cheap unheeded Things.
('Tis Virtue can alone impart
The Patent of a Ducal Heart;
Unleſs this Herald ſpeaks him great,
What ſhall avail the Glare of State?)
Thoſe ſecret Charms are my Delight,
Which ſhine remote from public Sight:
Paſſions ſubdued, Deſires at Reſt,———
And hence his Chaplain ſhares my Breaſt.

There was a Time (his Grace can tell)
I knew the Duke exceeding well;
Knew every Secret of his Heart;
In Truth, we never were apart:
But when the Court became his End,
He turn'd his Back upon his Friend.

One Day I call'd upon his Grace,
Juſt as the Duke had got a Place:
I thought (but thought amiſs, 'tis clear)
I ſhou'd be welcome to the Peer:
Yes, welcome to a Man in *Pow'r*,
And ſo I was ——— for half an Hour.

But he grew weary of his Gueſt,
And ſoon diſcarded me his Breaſt;
Upbraided me with Want of Merit,
And moſt for Poverty of Spirit.

You reliſh not the great Man's Lot?
Come then, I'll take thee to my Cot.
Think me not partial to the Great,
I'm a ſworn Foe to Pride and State:
No Monarchs ſhare my kind Embrace,
There's ſcarce a Monarch knows my Face:
CONTENT ſhuns Courts, and oft'ner dwells
With modeſt Worth in humble Cells;
There's no Complaint, tho' brown the Bread,
Or the cold Stone ſuſtain the Head;
Tho' hard the Couch, and coarſe the Meat,
Still the brown Loaf and Sleep are ſweet.

Far from the City I reſide,
And a thatch'd Cottage all my Pride.
True to my Heart, I ſeldom roam,
Becauſe I find my Joys at home:
For foreign Viſits then begin,
When the Man feels a Void within.

But tho' from Towns and Crouds I fly,
No Humouriſt, nor Cynic, I.
Amidſt ſequeſter'd Shades I prize
The Friendſhips of the Good, and Wiſe.
Bid VIRTUE and her Sons attend,
VIRTUE will tell thee, I'm her Friend;
Tell thee, I'm faithful, conſtant, kind,
And meek, and lowly, and reſign'd;
Will ſay, there's no Diſtinction known
Betwixt her Houſhold, and my own.

AUTHOR.] If theſe the Friendſhips you purſue,
Your Friends, I fear, are very few.
So little Company, you ſay,
Yet fond of Home from Day to Day!
How do you ſhun Detraction's Rod?
I doubt your Neighbours think you odd!

CONTENT.] I commune with myſelf at Night,
And aſk my Heart, if all be right:
If, "Right," replies my faithful Breaſt,
I ſmile, and cloſe my Eyes to Reſt.

AUTHOR.] You ſeem regardleſs of the Town:
Pray, Sir, how ſtand you with the Gown?

CONTENT.]

CONTENT.] The Clergy ſay, they love me well,
Whether they do, they beſt can tell:
They paint me modeſt, friendly, wiſe,
And always praiſe me to the Skies;
But, if Conviction's at the Heart,
Why not a correſpondent Part?
For ſhall the learned Tongue prevail,
If Actions preach a different Tale?
Who'll ſeek my Door, or grace my Walls,
When neither Dean nor Prelate calls?

With thoſe my Friendſhips moſt obtain,
Who prize their Duty more than Gain;
Soft flow the Hours whene'er we meet,
And conſcious Virtue is our Treat;
Our harmleſs Breaſts no Envy know,
And hence we fear no ſecret Foe;
Our Walks Ambition ne'er attends,
And hence we aſk no pow'rful Friends;
We wiſh the beſt to Church and State,
But leave the Steerage to the Great;
Careleſs, who riſes, or who falls,
And never dream of vacant *Stalls*;
Much leſs, by Pride or Int'reſt drawn,
Sigh for the Mitre, and the Lawn.

Obſerve

Obſerve the Secrets of my Art,
I'll fundamental Truths impart:
If you'll my wiſe Advice purſue,
I'll quit my Hut, and dwell with you.

The Paſſions are a num'rous Croud,
Imperious, poſitive, and loud:
Curb theſe licentious Sons of Strife;
They kindle half the Storms of Life:
If they grow mutinous, and rave,
They are thy Maſters, Thou their Slave.

Regard the World with cautious Eye,
Nor raiſe your Expectations high:
See, that the ballanc'd Scales be ſuch,
You neither fear, nor wiſh too much.
For Diſappointment's not the Thing,
'Tis Pride and Paſſion give the Sting.
Life is a Sea, where Storms ariſe,
('Tis Folly talks of cloudleſs Skies:)
He, who contracts his ſwelling Sail,
Eludes the Fury of the Gale.

Be ſtill, nor anxious Thoughts employ,
Diſtruſt imbitters preſent Joy:

On God for all Events depend;
You cannot want, when God's your Friend.
Weigh well your Part, and do your beſt;
Leave to Omnipotence the reſt.
To him, who form'd thee in the Womb,
And guides from Cradle to the Tomb.
Can the fond Mother flight her Boy?
Can ſhe forget her prattling Joy?
Say then, ſhall ſov'reign Love deſert
The humble, and the honeſt Heart?
Heav'n may not grant thee all thy Mind;
Yet ſay not thou, that Heav'n's unkind.
God is alike, both good, and wiſe,
In what he grants, and what denies:
Perhaps, what Goodneſs gives to-day,
To-morrow Goodneſs takes away.

You ſay, that Troubles intervene,
That Sorrows darken half the Scene.
True——and this Conſequence you ſee,
The World was ne'er deſign'd for thee:
You're like a Paſſenger below,
That ſtays perhaps a Night or ſo;
But ſtill his native Country lies
Beyond the Boundaries of the Skies.

Of Heav'n aſk Virtue, Wiſdom, Health,
But never let thy Pray'r be Wealth.
If Food be thine, (tho' little Gold)
And Raiment to repel the Cold,
Such as may Nature's Wants ſuffice,
Not what from Pride and Folly riſe;
If ſoft the Motions of thy Soul,
And a calm Conſcience crowns the whole;
Add but a Friend to all this Store,
You can't in Reaſon wiſh for more:
And if kind Heav'n this Comfort brings,
'Tis more than Heav'n beſtows on Kings.

He ſpake——The airy Spectre flies,
And ſtrait the ſweet Illuſion dies.
The Viſion, at the early Dawn,
Conſign'd me to the thoughtful Morn;
To all the Cares of waking Clay,
And inconſiſtent Dreams of Day.

HAPPINESS.

VISION V.

HAPPINESS.

VISION. V.

YE ductile Youths, whoſe riſing Sun
Hath many Circles ſtill to run;
Who wiſely wiſh the Pilot's Chart,
To ſteer thro' Life th' unballanc'd Heart;
And gain a happy Port at laſt,
After a thoughtful Voyage paſt:
Attend a Seer's inſtructive Song,
For moral Truths to Dreams belong.

I ſaw this wond'rous Viſion ſoon,
Long ere my Sun had reach'd its Noon;
Juſt when the riſing Beard began
To grace my Chin, and call me Man.

One Night, when balmy Slumbers ſhed
Their peaceful Poppies o'er my Head,

My Fancy led me to explore
A thouſand Scenes unknown before.
ſaw a Plain extended wide,
And Crouds pour'd in from every Side :
All ſeem'd to ſtart a different Game,
Yet all declar'd their Views the ſame :
The Chace was HAPPINESS I found,
But all, alas ! enchanted Ground.

Indeed I judg'd it wond'rous ſtrange,
To ſee the giddy Numbers range
Thro' Roads, which promis'd nought, at beſt,
But Sorrow to the human Breaſt.
Methought, if Bliſs was all their View,
Why did they different Paths purſue ?
The waking World has long agreed,
That *Bagſhot*'s not the Road to *Tweed :*
And he who *Berwick* ſeeks thro' *Stains*,
Shall have his Labour for his Pains,

As PARNEL * ſays, my Boſom wrought
With Travail of uncertain Thought :
And, as an Angel help'd the Dean,
My Anel choſe to intervene ;

* *The Hermit.*

The

The Dreſs of each was much the ſame,
And VIRTUE was my Seraph's Name.
When thus the Angel Silence broke,
Her Voice was Muſic, as ſhe ſpoke.

Attend, O Man, nor leave my Side,
And Safety ſhall thy footſteps guide;
Such Truths I'll teach, ſuch Secrets ſhow,
As none but favour'd Mortals know.

She ſaid —— and ſtrait we march'd along
To join AMBITION's active Throng:
Crouds urg'd on Crouds with eager Pace,
And happy He, who led the Race.
Hatchets and Daggers lay unſeen
In Ambuſcade along the Green:
While Vapours ſhed deluſive Light,
And Bubbles mock'd the diſtant Sight.

We ſaw a ſhining Mountain riſe,
Whoſe tow'ring Summit reach'd the Skies:
The Slopes were ſteep, and form'd of Glaſs,
Painful and hazardous to paſs:
Courtiers and Stateſmen led the Way,
The faithleſs Paths their Steps betray;

This

This Moment ſeen aloft to ſoar,
The next to fall and riſe no more.

'Twas here AMBITION kept his Court,
A Fantom of gigantic Port;
The Fav'rite that ſuſtain'd his Throne,
Was FALSEHOOD, by her Vizard known;
Next ſtood DISTRUST, with frequent Sigh,
Diſorder'd Look, and ſquinting Eye;
While meagre ENVY claim'd a Place,
And JEALOUSY with jaundic'd Face.

But where is HAPPINESS? I cry'd.
My Guardian turn'd, and thus reply'd.

Mortal, by Folly ſtill beguil'd,
Thou haſt not yet outſtrip'd the Child;
Thou, who haſt Twenty Winters ſeen,
(I hardly think Thee paſt Fifteen)
To ask if HAPPINESS can dwell
With every dirty Imp of Hell!
Go to the School-boy, he ſhall preach,
What Twenty Winters cannot teach:
He'll tell thee from his weekly Theme,
That thy Purſuit is all a Dream:

That

That Bliſs in humble Robes is ſeen;
And leaves the Palace for the Green.

I bluſh'd; and now we croſs'd the Plain,
To find the Money-getting Train;
Thoſe ſilent, ſnug, commercial Bands,
With buſy Looks, and dirty Hands.
For I conſider'd that the Old
Extracted HAPPINESS from Gold;
And ſurely, if there's Bliſs below,
Theſe hoary Heads the Secret know.

We journey'd with the plodding Crew,
When ſoon a Temple roſe to View:
A Gothic Pile! with Moſs o'er-grown;
Whoſe Walls deriv'd their Strength from Stone:
Without a thouſand Maſtiffs wait;
A thouſand Bolts ſecure the Gate.
We fought Admiſſion long in vain;
But here all Favours ſell for Gain:
The greedy Porter yields to Gold,
Our Fee receiv'd, the Gates unfold.
Aſſembled Nations here we found,
And view'd the cringing Herds around,

Who

Who daily ſacrific'd to WEALTH,
Their Honour, Conſcience, Peace and Health.
I ſaw no Charms, that cou'd engage;
The GOD appear'd like ſordid Age,
With hooked Noſe, and famiſh'd Jaws,
But Serpents' Eyes, and Harpys' Claws:
Behind ſtood FEAR, that reſtleſs Spright,
Which haunts the Watches of the Night;
And Viper-CARE, that ſtings ſo deep,
Whoſe deadly Venom murders Sleep.

We haſten'd now to PLEASURE's Bow'rs,
Where the gay Tribes ſat crown'd with Flow'rs:
Here BEAUTY every Charm diſplay'd,
And LOVE inflam'd the yielding Maid:
Delicious WINE our Taſte employs,
His crimſon Bowl exalts our Joys:
I felt its gen'rous Pow'r, and thought
The Pearl was found, that long I ſought.
Determin'd here to fix my Home,
I bleſs'd the Change, nor wiſh'd to roam:
The SERAPH diſapprov'd my Stay,
Spread her fair Plumes, and wing'd away.

Alas! whene'er we talk of Bliſs,
How prone is Man to judge amiſs!

See,

See, a long Train of Ills conſpires
To ſcourge our uncontroul'd Deſires.
Like Summer Swarms DISEASES croud,
Each bears a Crutch, or each a Shroud:
FEVER! that thirſty Fury, came,
With inextinguiſhable Flame;
CONSUMPTION, ſworn Ally of DEATH!
Creep'd ſlowly on with panting Breath;
GOUT, roar'd and ſhew'd his throbbing Feet,
And DROPSY took the Drunkard's Seat;
STONE brought his tort'ring Racks; and near
Sat PALSY ſhaking in her Chair.

A mangled Youth, beneath a Shade,
A melancholy Scene diſplay'd:
His noſeleſs Face, and lep'rous Stains,
Proclaim'd a Poiſon in his Veins;
He rais'd his Eyes, he ſmote his Breaſt,
He wept aloud, and thus addreſs'd.

Forbear the Harlot's falſe Embrace,
Tho' Lewdneſs wear an Angel's Face.
Be wiſe, by my Experience taught,
I die, alas! for Want of Thought.

As he, who travels *Libya*'s Plains,
Where the fierce Lion lawleſs reigns,
Is ſeiz'd with Fear, and wild Diſmay,
When the grim Foe obſtructs his Way:
My Soul was pierc'd with equal Fright,
My tott'ring Limbs oppos'd my Flight;
I call'd on VIRTUE, but in vain,
Her Abſence quicken'd every Pain:
At length the ſlighted Angel heard,
The dear refulgent Form appear'd.

Preſumptuous Youth! ſhe ſaid, and frown'd,
(My Heart-ſtrings flutter'd at the Sound)
Who turns to me reluctant Ears,
Shall ſhed a Flood of future Tears.
Theſe Rivers ſhall for ever laſt,
There's no retracting what is paſt:
Nor think avenging Ills to ſhun;
Play a falſe Card, and you're undone.

Of PLEASURE's gilded Baits beware,
Nor tempt the Syren's fatal Snare:
Forego this curs'd, deteſted Place,
I loath the Strumpet, and her Race:

Had

Had you theſe ſhining Paths purſu'd,
Perdition, Stripling, had accru'd:
Yes, fly —— you ſtand upon its Brink;
To-morrow is too late to think.

Indeed diſtaſteful Truths I tell,
But mark my ſacred Leſſons well:
With me whoever lives at Strife,
Loſes his better Friend for Life;
With me who lives in Friendſhip's Ties,
Finds all that's ſought for by the Wiſe.
Folly exclaims, and well ſhe may,
Becauſe I take her Maſk away;
If once I bring her to the Sun,
The painted Harlot is undone.
But prize, my Child, Oh! prize my Rules,
And leave Deception to her Fools.

AMBITION deals in Tinſel Joys,
His Traffic Gewgaws, Feathers, Toys:
An errant Jugler in Diſguiſe,
Who holds falſe Optics to your Eyes.
But ah! how fleet the Shadows paſs!
Tho' the bright Viſions thro' his Glaſs
Charm at a Diſtance, yet, when near,
The baſeleſs Fabricks diſappear.

Nor

Nor RICHES boaſt intrinſic worth,
Their Charms, at beſt, ſuperior Earth:
Theſe oft the Heav'n-born Mind enſlave,
And make an honeſt Man a Knave.
" Wealth cures my Wants," the Miſer cries,
Be not deceiv'd, the Miſer lies:
One Want he has with all his Store,
That worſt of Wants! the Want of more.

Take Pleaſure, Wealth, and Pomp away,
And where is HAPPINESS, you ſay?

'Tis Here — and may be yours — for, know,
I'm all that's Happineſs below.

To Vice I leave tumultuous Joys,
Mine is the ſtill and ſofter *Voice*;
That whiſpers Peace, when Storms invade,
And Muſic thro' the Midnight Shade.

Come then, be mine in every Part,
Nor give me leſs, than all your Heart;
When Troubles diſcompoſe your Breaſt,
I'll enter there a chearful Gueſt:
My Converſe ſhall your Cares beguile,
The little World within ſhall ſmile;

And

And then it ſcarce imports a Sot,
Whether the greater frowns or not.

And when the cloſing Scenes prevail,
When Wealth, State, Pleaſure, All ſhall fail;
All that a fooliſh World admires,
Or Paſſion craves, or Pride inſpires;
At that important Hour of Need,
I'll prove a faithful Friend indeed;
My Hands ſhall ſmooth thy dying Bed,
My Arms ſuſtain thy drooping Head:
And when the painful Struggle's o'er,
And that vain Thing, the World, no more;
I'll bear my Fav'rite Son away,
To Rapture, and Eternal Day.

FRIENDSHIP.

VISION VI.

FRIENDSHIP.

VISION VI.

FRIENDSHIP! Thou ſoft, propitious Pow'r!
Fair Regent of the ſocial Hour!
Sublime thy Joys, nor underſtood,
But by the Worthy and the Good!
Tho' Vice aſſumes thy ſacred Name,
'Tis all a baſe, deteſted Claim.
In Heav'n if Love and Friendſhip dwell,
Can they aſſociate e'er with Hell?

Thou art the ſame thro' Change of Times,
Thro' frozen Zones, and burning Climes;
From the Æquator to the Pole,
The ſame kind Angel thro' the Whole.
And ſince thy Choice is always free,
I bleſs Thee for thy Smiles on me.

When Sorrows ſwell the Tempeſt high,
Thou, a kind Port, art always nigh!

For broken Hearts a ſov'reign Cure,
Not *Meccha*'s Balſam half ſo ſure!
And when returning Comforts riſe,
Thou the bright Sun, that gilds our Skies!

While theſe Ideas warm'd my Breaſt,
My weary Eye-lids ſtole to Reſt;
When Fancy reaſſum'd the Theme,
And furniſh'd this inſtructive Dream.

I ſail'd upon a ſtormy Sea,
(Thouſands embark'd alike with me)
My Skiff was ſmall, and weak beſide,
Not built, methought, to ſtem the Tide.
The Winds along the Surges ſweep,
The Wrecks lie ſcatter'd thro' the Deep;
Aloud the foaming Billows roar,
Unfriendly Rocks obſtruct the Shore.

While all our various Courſe purſue,
A ſpacious Iſle ſalutes our View.
Two Queens, with Tempers differing wide,
This new diſcover'd World divide.
A River parts their proper Claim,
And TRUTH its celebrated Name.

I ſaw

I ſaw a beauteous Tract of Ground,
With ev'ry Spot improv'd around.
The Seaſons temp'rate, ſoft, and mild,
And a kind Sun, that always ſmil'd.
Few Storms moleſt the Natives here;
Cold is the only Ill they fear.
This happy Clime, and grateful Soil,
With Plenty crowns the Lab'rer's Toil.

Here FRIENDSHIP's Kingdom gently grew,
Her Realms were ſmall, her Subjects few.
A thouſand Charms the Palace grace,
A Rock of Adamant its Baſe.
Tho' Thunders roll, and Lightnings fly,
The Structure braves th' inclement Sky.
Ev'n TIME, which other Piles devours,
And mocks the Pride of human Pow'rs,
Partial to FRIENDSHIP's Pile alone,
Cements the Joints, and binds the Stone;
Ripens the Beauties of the Place,
And calls to Life each latent Grace.

Around the Throne, in Order ſtand
Four Amazons, a truſty Band;
Friends ever faithful to adviſe,
Or to defend, when Dangers riſe.

Here FORTITUDE in Coat of Mail,
There JUSTICE lifts her golden Scale;
Two hardy Chiefs! who perſevere,
With Form erect, and Brow ſevere;
Who ſmile at Perils, Pains and Death,
And triumph with their lateſt Breath.

TEMP'RANCE, that comely Matron's near
Mother of all the VIRTUES Here;
Adorn'd with every blooming Grace,
Without one Wrinkle in her Face.

But PRUDENCE moſt attracts the Sight,
And ſhines pre-eminently bright.
To view her various Thoughts that riſe,
She holds a Mirrour to her Eyes;
The Mirrour, faithful to its Charge,
Reflects the Virgin's Soul at large.

A VIRTUE with a ſofter Air,
Was Handmaid to the regal Fair.
The Nymph, indulgent, conſtant, kind,
Derives from Heav'n her ſpotleſs Mind;
When Actions wear a dubious Face,
Puts the beſt Meaning on the Caſe;

She ſpreads her Hands, and bares her Breaſt,
Takes in the Naked and Diſtreſs'd;
Prefers the hungry Orphan's Cries,
And from her Queen obtains Supplies.
The Maid, who acts this lovely Part,
Graſp'd in her Hand a bleeding Heart.
Fair CHARITY! be Thou my Gueſt,
And be thy conſtant Couch my Breaſt.

But Virtues of inferior Name,
Croud round the Throne with equal Claim;
In Loyalty by none ſurpaſs'd,
They hold Allegiance to the laſt.
Not ancient Records e'er can ſhow,
That one deſerted to the Foe.

As round I gaz'd, my Eye deſcry'd
A pow'rful Realm extending wide;
Whoſe Bound'ries in the Eaſt begun,
And ſtretch'd to meet the Southern Sun.
Here FLATT'RY boaſts deſpotic Sway,
And baſks in all the Warmth of Day.

Long practis'd in Deception's School,
The Tyrant knew the Arts to rule;

Elated

Elated with th' Imperial Robe,
She plans the Conqueſt of the Globe;
And aided by her ſervile Trains,
Leads Kings, and Sons of Kings, in Chains.
Her darling Miniſter is PRIDE,
(Who ne'er was known to change his Side)
A Friend to all her Intereſts juſt,
And active to diſcharge his Truſt ;
Careſs'd alike by high and low,
The Idol of the Belle and Beau :
Each Hour he ſhews the Stateſman's Skill,
And forms the Subjects to his Will;
Enters their Houſes and their Hearts,
And gains his Point before He parts.
Sure never Miniſter was known,
So zealous for his Sov'reign's Throne!

Three Siſters, ſimilar in Mien,
Were Maids of Honour to the Queen ;
Who farther Favours ſhar'd beſide,
As Daughters of her Stateſman PRIDE.
The firſt CONCEIT, with tow'ring Creſt,
Who look'd with Scorn upon the reſt ;
Fond of herſelf, nor leſs, I deem,
Than Dutcheſs in her own Eſteem.

Next AFFECTATION, fair and young,
With half-form'd Accents on her Tongue,
Whoſe antic Shapes, and various Face,
Diſtorted every native Grace.

Then VANITY, a wanton Maid,
Flaunting in *Bruſſels*, and Brocade;
Fantaſtic, frolickſome, and wild,
With all the Trinkets of a Child.

The People, loyal to their Queen,
Wore their Attachment in their Mien:
With chearful Heart they Homage paid,
And happieſt He, who moſt obey'd.
While They, who ſought their own Applauſe,
Promoted moſt their Sov'reign's Cauſe.
But ſtill their Minds were fraught with Guile,
Their Manners diſſolute and vile;
And every Tribe, like Pagans, run
To kneel before the riſing Sun.

But now ſome clam'rous Sounds ariſe,
And all the pleaſing Viſion flies.

Once more I clos'd my Eyes to ſleep,
And gain'd th' imaginary Deep:

FANCY

FANCY preſided at the Helm,
And ſteer'd me back to FRIENDSHIP'S Realm.
But, oh! with Horror I relate
The Revolutions of her State.
The *Trojan* Chief cou'd hardly more
His *Aſiatic* Tow'rs deplore.

The TYRANT view'd thoſe fairer Plains,
With longing Eyes, where FRIENDSHIP reigns;
With Envy heard her Neighbour's Fame,
And often ſigh'd to gain the ſame.
At length, by Pride and Int'reſt fir'd,
To FRIENDSHIP's Kingdom ſhe aſpir'd.

And now ſhe perſonates a Foe,
Now plans in Thought ſome mighty Blow;
Drew out her Forces on the Green,
Determin'd to invade the Queen.

The River TRUTH their March withſtood,
And roll'd her formidable Flood:
Her Current ſtrong, and deep, and clear,
No Fords were found, no Ferries near:
But as the Troops approach'd the Waves,
Their Fears ſuggeſt a Thouſand Graves;

They

They all retir'd with Haſte extreme,
And ſhudder'd at the dang'rous Stream.

HYPOCRISY the Gulph explores;
She forms a Bridge, and joins the Shores.
Thus often Art or Fraud prevails,
When military Proweſs fails.
The Troops an eaſy Paſſage find,
And Vict'ry follows cloſe behind.

FRIENDSHIP with Ardor charg'd her Foes,
And now the Fight promiſcuous grows:
But FLATT'RY threw a poiſon'd Dart,
And pierc'd the Empreſs to the Heart.
The VIRTUES all around were ſeen,
To fall in Heaps about the Queen.
The Tyrant ſtrip'd the mangled Fair,
She wore her Spoils, aſſum'd her Air;
And mounting next the Suff'rer's Throne,
Claim'd the Queen's Titles for her own.

Ah! injur'd Maid, aloud I cry'd,
Ah! injur'd Maid, the Rocks reply'd:
But judge my Griefs, and ſhare them too,
For the ſad Tale pertains to you.

Judge, Reader, how my Griefs abound,
When FRIENDSHIP's Foes were mine I found;
When the late Scene of Pride and Guile
Was *Britain*'s poor degen'rate Isle.

The *Amazons*, who prop'd the State,
Haply surviv'd the general Fate.
JUSTICE to *Powis-House* is fled,
And *Yorke* sustains her radiant Head.
The Virtue FORTITUDE appears
In open Day at *Ligonier*'s;
Illustrious Heroine of the Sky,
Who leads to vanquish or to die!
'Twas SHE our Vet'rans Breasts inspir'd,
When *Belgia*'s faithless Sons retir'd:
For *Tournay*'s treach'rous Tow'rs can tell
Britannia's Children greatly fell.

No partial Virtue of the Plain!
She rous'd the Lions of the Main:
Hence † VERNON's little Fleet succeed;
Hence gen'rous *CORNEWALL chose to bleed;
Hence ‖ GREENVILLE glorious!—for she smil'd
On the young Hero from a Child.

Tho'

† At *Porto-Bello*. * Against the combin'd Fleets of *France* and *Spain*. ‖ Died in a later Engagement with the *French* Fleet.

Tho' in high Life ſuch Virtues dwell,
They'll ſuit Plebeian Breaſts as well.
Say, that the Mighty and the Great
Blaze like Meridian Suns of State;
Effulgent Excellence diſplay,
Like HALIFAX in Floods of Day;
Our leſſer Orbs ſhall pour their Light,
Like the mild Creſcent of the Night.
Tho' pale our Beams, and ſmall our Sphere,
Still we will ſhine ſerene and clear.

Give to the Judge the Scarlet Gown,
To martial Souls the Civic Crown:
What then? Is Merit their's alone?
Have we no Worth to call our own?
Shall we not vindicate our Part,
In the firm Breaſt, and upright Heart?
Reader, theſe Virtues may be thine,
Tho' in ſuperior Life they ſhine.
I can't diſcharge great HARDWICK's Truſt—
True—but my Soul ſhall ſtill be juſt.
And tho' I can't the State defend,
I'll draw the Sword to ſerve my Friend.

Two golden Virtues are behind,
Of equal Import to the Mind.

Theſe Virtues, let the World agree,
Are conſtant Gueſts to you and me.
Or rather let them all prevail,
We'll hold the *Mirrour*, and the *Scale*;
Reſtrain Deſires, that ſoar too high,
And dare be honeſt, tho' we die.

MARRIAGE.

VISION VII.

MARRIAGE.

VISION VII.

Inſcrib'd to Miſs * * * * *

FAIREST, this Viſion is thy Due,
I form'd th' inſtructive Plan for You.
Slight not the Rules of thoughtful Age,
Your Welfare *actuates* every Page;
But ponder well my ſacred Theme,
And tremble, while you read my Dream.

Thoſe awful Words, " 'Till Death do part,"
May well alarm the youthful Heart:
No After-thought when once a Wife!
The Card is play'd, and play'd for Life;
Yet Thouſands venture every Day,
As ſome baſe Paſſion leads the Way.

Pert *Silvia* talks of Wedlock-Scenes,
Tho' hardly enter'd on her Teens;
Smiles on her whining Spark, and hears
The ſugar'd Speech with raptur'd Ears;
Impatient of a Parent's Rule,
She leaves her Sire, and weds a Fool:
WANT enters at the guardleſs Door,
And LOVE is fled, to come no more.

Some few there are of ſordid Mould,
Who barter Youth and Bloom for Gold;
Careleſs with what, or whom, they mate,
Their ruling Paſſion's all for State.
But HYMEN, gen'rous, juſt, and kind,
Abhors the mercenary Mind:
Such Rebels groan beneath his Rod,
For HYMEN's a vindictive God;
Be joyleſs every Night, he ſaid,
And barren be their nuptial Bed.

Attend, my Fair, to Wiſdom's Voice,
A better Fate ſhall crown thy Choice.
A married Life, to ſpeak the beſt,
Is all a Lottery confeſt:
Yet if my Fair-one will be wife,
I will inſure my Girl a Prize;

Tho'

Tho' not a Prize to match thy Worth,
Perhaps thy Equal's not on Earth.

'Tis an important Point to know,
There's no Perfection here below.
Man's an odd Compound after all,
And ever has been ſince the *Fall.*
Say, that he loves you from his Soul,
Still he's a Lover of Controul:
And tho' a Slave in Love's ſoft School,
In Wedlock claims his Right to rule.
The beſt, in ſhort, has Faults about him,
If few thoſe Faults, you muſt not flout him,
With ſome indeed, you can't diſpenſe,
As Want of Temper, and of Senſe.
For when the Sun deſerts the Skies,
And the dull Winter Evenings riſe,
Then for a Huſband's genial Pow'r,
To form the calm, converſive Hour;
The Treaſures of thy Breaſt explore,
From the rich Mine to fetch the Ore;
Fondly each ſterling Thought refine,
And give thy native Gold to ſhine;
Shew Thee, what really Thou art,
Tho' fair, yet faireſt at the Heart.

Say, when Life's purple Bloſſoms fade,
As ſoon they muſt, thou charming Maid;
When in thy Cheeks the Rōſes die,
And Sickneſs clouds that brilliant Eye;
Say, when or Age or Pains invade,
And thoſe dear Limbs ſhall call for Aid;
If thou art fetter'd to a Fool,
Shall not his tranſient Paſſion cool!
And when thy Health and Beauty end,
Shall thy weak Mate perſiſt a Friend!
But to a Man of Senſe, my Dear,
Ev'n then thou lovely ſhalt appear;
He'll ſhare the Griefs that wound thy Heart,
And weeping claim the larger Part;
Tho' Age impairs that beauteous Face,
He'll prize the Pearl beyond its Caſe.

In Wedlock when the Sexes meet,
Friendſhip is then alone compleat.
" Bleſt State! where Souls each other draw,
" Where Love is Liberty and Law!
The choiceſt Bleſſing found below,
That Man can wiſh, or Heav'n beſtow!
Truſt me, theſe Raptures are divine,
For charming CHLOE once was mine!

Nor

Nor fear the Varniſh of my Stile,
Tho' Poet, I'm eſtrang'd to Guile.
Ah me! my faithful Lips impart
The genuine Language of my Heart!

When Bards extol their Patrons high,
Perhaps 'tis Gold extorts the Lye;
Perhaps, the poor Reward of Bread——
But who burns Incenſe to the Dead!
HE, whom a fond Affection draws,
Careleſs of Cenſure, or Applauſe;
Whoſe Soul is upright, and ſincere,
With nought to wiſh, and nought to fear.

Now to my viſionary Scene,
Your Wit ſhall find out what I mean.

AMIDST the Slumbers of the Night
A ſtately Temple 'roſe to Sight;
And ancient as the human Race,
Hiſtoric Records if you trace.
This Fane, by all the Wiſe rever'd,
To WEDLOCK's pow'rful God was rear'd.
Hard by I ſaw a graceful Sage,
His Locks were froſted o'er by Age;

His Garb was plain, his Mind ſerene,
And frank and open was his Mien.
With curious Search his Name I ſought,
And found 'twas HYMEN's Fav'rite—THOUGHT.

Apace the giddy Crouds advance,
And a lewd Satyr led the Dance:
I griev'd to ſee whole Thouſands run,
For oh! what Thouſands were undone!
The Sage, when theſe mad Troops he 'ſpy'd,
In Pity flew to join their Side:
The diſconcerted Pairs began
To rail againſt him to a Man;
Vow'd they were Strangers to his Name,
Nor knew from whence the Dotard came.

But mark the Sequel——for *this* Truth
Highly concerns impetuous Youth:
Long ere the Honey Moon cou'd wane,
Perdition ſeiz'd on every Twain:
At every Houſe, and all Day long,
REPENTANCE ply'd her Scorpion Thong;
DISGUST was there with frowning Mien,
And every wayward Child of SPLEEN.

HYMEN approach'd his awful Fane,
Attended by a numerous Train:
LOVE with each ſoft and nameleſs Grace,
Was firſt in Favour, and in Place:
Then came the GOD with ſolemn Gait,
Whoſe every Word was big with Fate;
His Hand a flaming Taper bore,
That ſacred Symbol, fam'd of yore:
VIRTUE, adorn'd with every Charm,
Suſtain'd the God's incumbent Arm:
BEAUTY improv'd the glowing Scene
With all the Roſes of Eighteen:
YOUTH led the gayly ſmiling Fair,
His purple Pinions wav'd in Air:
WEALTH, a cloſe Hunks, was hobling nigh,
With Vulture-Claw, and Eagle-Eye,
Who Threeſcore Years had ſeen, or more,
('Tis ſaid his Coat had ſeen a Score;)
Proud was the Wretch, tho' clad in Rags,
Preſuming much upon his Bags.

A Female next her Arts diſplay'd,
Poets alone can paint the Maid:
Truſt me, HOGARTH, (tho' great thy Fame)
'Twou'd poſe thy Skill to draw the ſame;

And

And yet thy mimic Pow'r is more
Than ever Painter's was before:
Now ſhe was fair as Cygnet's Down,
Now as King *Henry*'s *Emma*, brown;
And changing as the changing Flow'r,
Her Dreſs ſhe varied every Hour:
'Twas FANCY, Child!——You know the Fair,
Who pins your Gown, and ſets your Hair.

Lo! the God mounts his Throne of State,
And ſits the Arbiter of Fate:
His Head, with radiant Glories dreſt,
Gently reclin'd on VIRTUE's Breaſt:
As LOVE and BEAUTY moſt delight,
They took their Stations on the Right:
While on the God's inferior Hand
FANCY and WEALTH obtain'd their Stand.

And now the hallow'd Rites proceed,
And now a thouſand Heart-ſtrings bleed.
I ſaw a blooming, trembling Bride,
A toothleſs Lover join'd her Side;
Averſe ſhe turn'd her weeping Face,
And ſhudder'd at the cold Embrace.

But various Baits beſet the Gin,
Or why ſuch Numbers venture in?
A Paſſion, much too foul to name,
And hungry Stomachs prompt the ſame.
Thus Poets often wed to Dinners,
And Prudes to Publicans and Sinners.

The God with Frown indignant view'd
The Rabble covetous or lewd;
By every Vice his Altars ſtain'd,
By every Fool his Rites profan'd:
When LOVE complain'd of WEALTH aloud,
Affirming WEALTH debauch'd the Croud;
Drew up in Form his heavy Charge,
Deſiring to be heard at large.

The God conſents, the Throng divide,
The Young eſpous'd the *Plaintiff*'s Side;
The Old declar'd for the *Defendant*,
For Age is Money's ſworn Attendant.

LOVE ſaid, that Wedlock was deſign'd,
By gracious Heav'n, to match the Mind;
To pair the Tender and the Juſt,
And His the delegated Truſt:

That

That WEALTH had play'd a knaviſh Part,
And taught the Tongue to wrong the Heart;
Had join'd the Hands of different Souls,
As diſtant as the diſtant Poles.

WEALTH ſtrait reply'd, that LOVE was blind,
And talk'd at random of the Mind;
That killing Eyes, and bleeding Hearts,
And all th' Artillery of Darts,
Were long ago exploded Fancies,
And laugh'd at even in Romances.
Poets indeed ſtile Love a Treat,
Perhaps for Want of better Meat:
And Love might be delicious Fare,
Cou'd we, like Poets, dine on Air.
But grant that Angels feaſt on Love,
(Thoſe purer Eſſences above)
Yet ALBION's Sons, He underſtood,
Preferr'd a more ſubſtantial Food.
Thus while with Gibes he dreſs'd his Cauſe,
His grey Admirers hemm'd Applauſe.

With ſeeming Conqueſt pert and proud,
WEALTH ſhook his Sides and chuckled loud;
When FORTUNE, to reſtrain his Pride,
And fond to favour LOVE beſide,

Op'ning

Op'ning the Miſer's Tape-ty'd Veſt,
Diſclos'd the CARES which ſtung his Breaſt.
WEALTH ſtood abaſh'd at this Diſgrace,
And a deep Crimſon fluſh'd his Face.

LOVE ſweetly ſimper'd at the Sight,
His gay Adherents laugh'd outright.
The God, tho' grave his Temper, ſmil'd,
For HYMEN dearly priz'd the Child.
But he who triumphs o'er his Brother,
In turn is laugh'd at by another.
Such cruel Scores we often find
Repaid the Criminal in Kind.
For POVERTY, that famiſh'd Fiend!
Ambitious of a wealthy Friend,
Advanc'd into the Miſer's Place,
And ſtar'd the Stripling in the Face;
Whoſe Lips grew pale, and cold as Clay;
I thought the Chit would ſwoon away.

The God was ſtudious to employ
His Cares to aid the vanquiſh'd Boy:
And therefore iſſu'd his Decree,
That the two Parties ſtrait agree.
When both obey'd the God's Commands,
And join'd their amicable Hands.

What wond'rous Change in each was wrought,
Believe me, Fair, ſurpaſſes Thought.
If LOVE had many Charms before,
He now had Charms, ten thouſand more.
If WEALTH had Serpents in his Breaſt,
They now were dead, or lull'd to Reſt.

BEAUTY, that vain affected Thing,
Who join'd the Hymeneal Ring,
Approach'd with round unthinking Face,
And thus the Trifler ſtates her Caſe.

She ſaid, that LOVE's Complaints, 'twas known,
Exactly tally'd with her own;
That WEALTH had learn'd the Felon's Arts,
And robb'd her of a thouſand Hearts;
Deſiring Judgment againſt WEALTH,
For Falſehood, Perjury, and Stealth:
All which ſhe cou'd on Oath depoſe,
And hop'd the Court wou'd ſlit his Noſe.

But HYMEN, when he heard her Name,
Call'd her an interloping Dame;
Look'd thro' the Croud with angry State,
And blam'd the Porter at the Gate,

For

For giving Entrance to the Fair,
When ſhe was no Eſſential there.

To ſink this haughty Tyrant's Pride,
He order'd FANCY to preſide.
Hence, when Debates on Beauty riſe,
And each bright Fair diſputes the Prize,
To FANCY's Court we ſtrait apply,
And wait the Sentence of her Eye;
In BEAUTY's Realms ſhe holds the Seals,
And her Awards preclude Appeals.

L I F E.

VISION the Laſt.

LIFE.

VISION the Laſt.

LET not the Young my Precepts ſhun,
One Viſion more, and I have done;
Your Poet ſung of Love's Delights,
Of Halcyon Days and joyous Nights;
To the gay Fancy lovely Themes;
And fain, I'd hope, they're more than Dreams;
But, if you pleaſe, before we part,
I'd ſpeak a Language to your Heart.
We'll talk of LIFE, tho' much, I fear,
Th' ungrateful Tale will wound your Ear.
You raiſe your ſanguine Thoughts too high,
And hardly know the Reaſon why:
But ſay, Life's Tree bears golden Fruit,
Some Canker ſhall corrode the Root;
Some unexpected Storm ſhall riſe;
Or ſcorching Suns, or chilling Skies;

And (if experienc'd Truths avail)
All your autumnal Hopes ſhall fail.

Perhaps you'll think I act the ſame,
As a ſly Sharper plays his Game:
You triumph every *Deal* that's paſt,
He's ſure to triumph at the laſt,
Who coins, perhaps, ſome Thouſands more
Than twice the Sums you won before.
But I'm a Loſer with the reſt;
For Life is all a *Deal* at beſt:
I play the Cards alike with you,
My *Hand* is bad, my Trumps are few;
Nor am I Gainer by your Fall;
For Sorrows are the Lot of all.

'Tis Truth (receive it ill or well)
'Tis melancholy Truth I tell.
Why ſhould the Preacher take your Pence,
And ſmother Truth to flatter Senſe?
I'm ſure, Phyſicians have no Merit,
Who kill, thro' Lenity of Spirit.

That Life's a Game, Divines confeſs,
This ſays at Cards, and That at Cheſs:
But if our Views be center'd here,
'Tis all a loſing Game I fear.

Sailors,

Sailors, you know, when Wars obtain,
And hoſtile Veſſels croud the Main,
If they diſcover from afar
A bark as diſtant as a Star,
Hold the Perſpectives to their Eyes,
To learn its Colours, Strength and Size;
And when this Secret once they know,
Make ready to receive the Foe.
Let you and I from Sailors learn
Important Truths of like Concern.

I clos'd the Day, as Cuſtom led,
With Reading, till the Time of Bed;
Where Fancy, at the Midnight Hour,
Again diſplay'd her magic Pow'r.
(For know, that Fancy, like a Spright,
Prefers the ſilent Scenes of Night.)
She lodg'd me in a neighb'ring Wood,
No matter where the Thicket ſtood;
The GENIUS of the Place was nigh,
And held two Pictures to my Eye.
The curious Painter had portray'd
LIFE in each juſt and genuine Shade.
They, who have only known its Dawn,
May think theſe *Lines* too deeply drawn;
But riper Years, I fear, will ſhew,
The wiſer Artiſt paints too true.

One

One Piece preſents a rueful Wild,
Where not a Summer's Sun had ſmil'd;
The Road with Thorns is cover'd wide,
And GRIEF ſits weeping by the Side;
Her Tears with conſtant Tenor flow,
And form a mournful Lake below;
Whoſe ſilent Waters, dark and deep,
Thro' all the gloomy Valley creep.

Paſſions, that flatter, or that ſlay,
Are Beaſts that fawn, or Birds that prey.
Here VICE aſſumes the Serpent's Shape;
There FOLLY perſonates the Ape;
Here AV'RICE gripes with Harpys' Claws;
There MAL'CE grins with Tygers' Jaws;
While Sons of Miſchief, ART and GUILE,
Are Alligators of the *Nile*.

Ev'n PLEASURE acts a treach'rous Part,
She charms the Senſe, but ſtings the Heart.
And when ſhe gulls us of our Wealth,
Or that ſuperior Pearl, our Health;
Reſtores us nought, but Pains and Woe,
And drowns us in the LAKE below.

There a commiſſion'd ANGEL ſtands,
With Deſolation in his Hands!
He ſends the all-devouring Flame,
And Cities hardly boaſt a Name.
Or wings the peſtilential Blaſt,
And lo! ten thouſands breathe their laſt.
He ſpeaks —— obedient Tempeſts roar,
And guilty Nations are no more:
He ſpeaks —— the Fury DISCORD raves,
And ſweeps whole Armies to their Graves:
Or FAMINE lifts her mildew'd Hand,
And HUNGER howls thro' all the Land.

Oh! what a Wretch is Man, I cry'd,
Expos'd to Death on every Side!
And ſure as born, to be undone
By Evils, which He cannot ſhun!
Without a thouſand Baits to Sin,
A thouſand Traytors lodg'd within!
For ſoon as Vice aſſaults the Heart,
Theſe Rebels take the Dæmon's Part.

I ſigh, my aching Boſom bleeds;
When ſtrait a milder Plan ſucceeds.
The briny Lake, the dreary Shore,
The ſame as in the Piece before.

But Gleams of Light are here diſplay'd,
To chear the Eye, and gild the Shade.
AFFLICTION ſpeaks a ſofter Stile,
And DISAPPOINTMENT wears a Smile.
Each thriving Virtue bloſſoms near,
Their Roots improve by every Tear.

Here PATIENCE, gentle Maid! is nigh,
To calm the Storm, and wipe the Eye:
HOPE acts the kind Phyſician's Part,
And warms the ſolitary Heart;
RELIGION nobler Comforts brings,
Diſarms our Griefs, or blunts their Stings;
Points out the Ballance on the Whole,
And HEAV'N rewards the ſtruggling Soul.

But while theſe Raptures I purſue,
The GENIUS ſuddenly withdrew.

F I N I S.